The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME III.—NO. XX.

CONTENTS.

Editorials, *Blanche B. Baker*, '92, ... 251
In Memoriam, ... 252
A Restful Night, *E. G. S.*, '92. 253
Bertie's Valentine. 254
Pshychology Problem, ... 256
College Notes, *Helen R. Stahr*, '94, *Ethel Stanwood*, '94, ... 256
Exchanges, *Agnes Sinclair Holbrook*, '92, ... 259
Literary Items. 260

FEBRUARY 20, 1892.

GRAPHIC PRINT, NEWTON, MASS.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Boston Library Consortium Member Libraries

http://www.archive.org/details/wellesleyprelude320well

DR. JOHN F. DOWSLEY,
DENTIST.
MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY,
175 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY,
Clark's Block, Natick, Mass.
Mondays specially reserved for Wellesley College Students.

H. H. CARTER & CO.,
STATIONERS
—AND—
ENGRAVERS,
WILL ALLOW
20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT,
ON PURCHASES MADE BY
STUDENTS
FROM
WELLESLEY COLLEGE.
3 BEACON STREET,
BOSTON.
October 1, 1891.

HOW TO GET RICH
EXQUISITE PERFUMES,
DELICATE and LASTING,
BY THE OUNCE
—*GO TO*—
CLIFFORD, Perfumer,
299 Washington Street,
Opp. the Old South
...d ght.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS
AND
NOVELTIES.

W. H. and Co.'s Oil and Water Colors, China Painting Outfits, Canvas, Brushes, Crayons, Pastels, Tapestry Colors, etc. Sketching Outfits and Etching Materials. Engineers' and Draftsmen's Supplies.

WADSWORTH, HOWLAND & CO.,
82 & 84 WASHINGTON STREET.
BOSTON.
Catalogue Free by Mail.

Violets Single and Double.

J. TAILBY & SON,
FLORISTS
OPPOSITE
RAILROAD STATION, WELLESLEY.

Cut Flowers and Plants of the Choicest Varieties on hand. Floral designs for all occasions arranged at shortest notice. Orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to. Flowers carefully packed and forwarded to all parts of the United States and Canada.

NO ACIDS,
AND
CLOTHING DRIED OUT OF DOORS
AT THE
WELLESLEY STEAM LAUNDRY.
Mrs. D. F. MORSE
PROPRIETRESS.

FRENCH MILLINERY

A Choice Assortment of Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats and Millinery Novelties.
Skilled work done at short notice.

MRS. M. H. KIMBALL.
Melrose Street, - - Auburndale.

Bryn Mawr College,

BRYN MAWR, PA.

A college for women. The program of graduate courses for 1891-92 will be sent on application.

WILLIAM TUFTS

Caterer and Confectioner,

ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING,

513 * TREMONT * STREET, * BOSTON.

TELEPHONE NO. 134.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

The MASON & HAMLIN improved method of Stringing, produces remarkable refinement of tone and phenomenal capacity to stand in tune.

These Pianos are consequently excellent for Renting.

Sold for Cash or Easy Payments.

100 different Styles of Organs $22 to $1200.

Mason & Hamlin Organs have received Highest Awards at all great world's Exhibitions at which they have been exhibited since 1867

Organs Rented till Rent pays for them.

CATALOGUES FREE.

Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Co.,

Boston, New York and Chicago.

Mason & Hamlin Hall, 154 and 155 Tremont Street, Boston.

The American and Foreign Teachers' Bureau,

No. 3 Park Street, Boston Mass.

Has Educational, Musical, Lecture, Business, and Domestic Departments. Thoroughly Competent Persons with highest Testimonials desired as candidates and introduced to Schools, Colleges, Business Houses, and Families. Recomends Homes and Schools in Europe. Circulars give full particulars. Best of References.

THE EUREKA SILK CO'S

WASH SILKS

Are unrivalled in Artistic Coloring, Brilliancy of Dye and Fineness of Finish, and are particularly suited for ART NEEDLEWORK. Their

"NEW"

3 CORD

CROCHET SILK

Is absolutely perfect—THE ONLY ONE MADE adapted for all kinds of Chrocheting.

All Silks manufactured by them are guaranteed in every respect.

To be had at retail at all the leading stores.

SALESROOM, 40 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON. MILLS, CANTON, MASS.

Their Spool Silks are SUPERIOR to all other makes. For sale at all the leading stores.

THE FISK

TEACHERS' AGENCIES.

EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.

President.

EVERETT O. FISK .....7 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.

Managers.

W. B. HERRICK .. .. 7 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.
H. E. CROCKER..... .. 6 Clinton Place, New York, N. Y.
B. F. CLARK,..... 106 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill
R. H. WILLIAMS..... 402 Richardson Block, Chattanooga, Tenn
J. C. HICKS .....132½ First St., Portland Or.
C. C. BOYNTON.....120½ So. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

DANA HALL,

Wellesley, Mass.

Thorough preparation for collegiate work. Advanced courses in the French and German languages, and in Music. Graduates outer Wellesley College without examination. Application should be made before the 1st of June.

JULIA A. EASTMAN.
SARAH P. EASTMAN.
Associate Principals.

BOSTON & ALBANY RAILROAD.

—ONLY—

First-Class Through Car Route

—TO THE

WEST!

On and after Jan. 31st, 1892.

THROUGH TRAINS LEAVE BOSTON:

8.30 A.M. (ex. Sunday) Day Express.
10.30 A.M. Daily, "Chicago Special."
2.00 P.M. Daily, North Shore Limited.
3.00 P.M. Daily, Cincinnati and St. Louis Express.
6.45 P.M. Daily, Pacific Express.

SPRINGFIELD LINE

—FOR—

Hartford, New Haven and New York.

Leave Boston.	Ar. New York
9.00 A.M.	3.30 P.M.
11.00 A.M.	5.30 P.M.
4.00 P.M.*	10.00 P.M.
11.00 P.M.*	6.45 A.M.

*Run Daily.

☞For tickets, information, time tables, etc., apply to nearest ticket agent.

City Office, 232 Washington Street.

—OR AT—

Station, Kneeland Street, Boston.

A. T. HANSON, Gen. Agent.

WOMEN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE

OF THE NEW YORK INFIRMARY.

321 East 15th Street, New York.

Sessions 91-92 will open October 1, 891. Three years' Graded Course. Instruction by Lectures, Clinics, Recitations, and practical work under supervision in Laboratories and Dispensary of College, and in N. Y. Infirmary.

Clinics and operations in most of the City Hospitals and Dispensaries open to women students.

For catalogues, etc., address

EMILY BLACKWELL, M. D. *De*

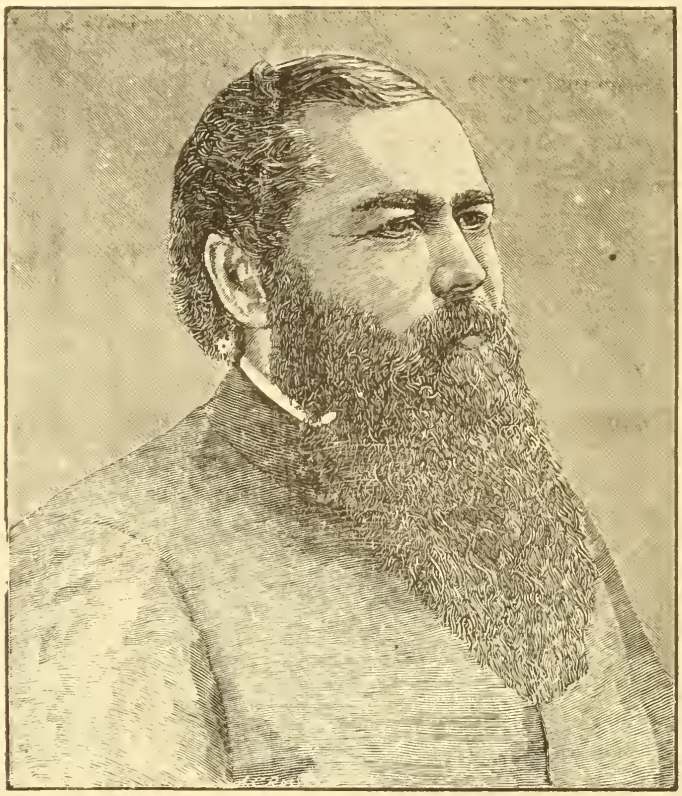
30-36 **321 East 15th Street, New York.**

EASTERN TEACHER'S AGENCY.

Good teachers constantly needed.
E. F. FOSTER, Manager.

Application Form and Circulars sent on request
50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

And the tongue of the stammerer shall be ready to speak plainly.—ISAIAH XXXII, 4.



PROF. GRADY,

THE ✻ STAMMERER'S ✻ FRIEND.

STAMMERING AND STUTTERING

CURED FOR LIFE.

Boston ✻ Stammering ✻ Institute,

AND

TRAINING SCHOOL.

PRIVATE OFFICES.

41 TREMONT STREET, AND 27 PEMBERTON SQUARE, BOSTON MASS.

Consultation Free. Send for Circulars.

What Rev. C. E. Davis, formerly Pastor of Peoples Church, Boston, says:—I am confident of Prof. Grady's ability to conquer all cases of stammering. Not only because I have seen a stammerer cured by him, but because of the *truth of his system.*

C.E.DAVIS, Pastor M. E. Church, Melrose, Mass.

THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. III. NEWTON, MASS., FEBRUARY 20, 1892. NO. 20

The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year Price $2.00 a year. Weekly copies 5 cents. Monthly copies 15 cents.

EDITORS:

BLANCHE B. BAKER, '92.

JANET E. DAVIDSON, '92. AGNES S. HOLBROOK, '92.
HELEN G. EAGER, '93 CAROLINE N. NEWMAN, '93.
HELEN R. STAHR, '94. FRANCES LUCAS, '94.
ETHEL STANWOOD, '94. ANNIE SYBIL MONTAGUE, '79.

MISS CAROLINE MUDGETT, SP.

All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to the LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Annie Sybil Montague, Wellesley College Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions and all business communications should be sent *in all cases,* to Helen Eager, Wellesley College, Wellesley Mass.

Advertisements should be addressed to Mr. Fred W. Walker, 74 Tremont street, Room 21, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Matter at Post Office, Newton, Mass.

EDITORIAL

As was stated a few weeks ago, the PRELUDE, through the kindness of Mrs. Thalia Nason, is enabled to offer a prize of $10 for the best story which shall be received from the students.

The PRELUDE also offers a second prize of $10 for the best poem which shall be received from the students.

All contributions for either prize should be written plainly and should be unsigned, but accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name of the author. The prizes will thus be awarded entirely upon the merits of the articles, and before the names of the writers are known.

All contributions should be sent to Blanche B. Baker, Prelude box, General Office, before April 12th, 1892, that they may be published in the Literary number of the PRELUDE.

The committee who will examine and judge the articles consists of one member from the Literature department, one from the Rhetoric department, and three members from the Board of Editors.

When we consider the fact that out of the eight hundred students and Faculty of Wellesley College, only two hundred and seventy-seven have subscribed for the PRELUDE, one finds food for serious reflection in the lack of college spirit displayed. A college paper is not published for the pleasure and edification of the alumnæ alone, but for the students within the college as well, and from them, as more vitally concerned in the college life and interests, should come the chief support. This is far from being the case at Wellesley. Of those who subscribe to the PRELUDE two-thirds are alumnæ, one-third College Students. Whatever be the cause of this lack of interest, the majority of students must recognize that it is unjustifiable. Therefore, we may hope that the many, whose names have not yet appeared upon the subscription list of their College paper, may avail themselves of the following opportunity of putting them there. From this date until the close of the College year, the editors will send the PRELUDE to the new subscribers at the exceedingly low price of seventy-five cents.

Miss Eager will receive subscriptions in the PRELUDE office, and it is hoped that many of

the students will take this opportunity of showing their college spirit and their interest in the well being of their college paper.

A change has recently been made in the College regulations which will be a welcome one to many of the students. Hereafter all those who desire to attend regularly church services in the village are excused from attendance at the College Sunday service, and permitted to worship in the village. The privilege is extended to the Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Unitarians. The Episcopal service will be held in the morning instead of in the afternoon as before, for the better accommodation of the students. Excuses for non-attendance at the village churches must be presented by the student to the officer in charge of her house, as in regard to non-attendance at the College service. This privilege is one which has been long desired by the students, and now that it is granted will be gladly welcomed. Furthermore it is a hopeful evidence that the policy of Wellesley grows every year freer and broader.

In this age of competition and hurry it is doubtless pleasant to see at times persons who walk through life in a more leisurely fashion. But there is a time and place for everything, and chapel at ten minutes of nine on a busy morning is not the place for leisurely walking. The chapel aisles are very narrow, and when one-half the students are disposed to saunter slowly through them, and to pause at the door for five minutes conversations, the other half are necessarily much impeded in their progress. If the students would all hasten their steps in passing through the aisles and move directly away from the door, the emptying of the chapel would be accomplished more expeditiously, and many precious moments saved.

IN MEMORIAM.

MABEL J. STONE,

Wellesley, '88-'91. Died February 12, 1892.

The large majority of the students in Wellesley during the three years, '88-91, will not need to be reminded of Mabel Stone. Her talent, her bright, winning manners, and above all, her sweet, womanly character, gave her a distinct place in the college-world and endeared her to the hearts of all about her. Truly we all would acknowledge that she seemed especially meant for life in all its love and beauty. But a wiser Thought has planned for her and has early completed her beautiful life here, with the fullness of life hereafter. So we believe; and although our faith almost falters because our hearts are very sad, still we thank our Father that we had known her, and we trust that from the dark mystery of our loss, God will at length bring light.

Whereas, The Society of the Phi Sigma has sustained a deep loss in the death of Mabel J. Stone, we, in behalf of the Society, desire to express our heartfelt sorrow for the loss of one so loyal and devoted to its interest. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend our most sincere sympathy to her sorrowing family and friends.

Resolved, that copies of the resolutions be sent to her family, and to the PRELUDE.

NETTIE G. PULLEN, '92.
MARY E. DILLINGHAM, '93.
EDITH WHITE, '93.
For the Society.

Whereas it has seemed best to our Heavenly Father in His providence to take from us our beloved friend, Mabel J. Stone, we in behalf of the Special Organization, of which she was an active member and officer, desire to express our deep sorrow for the loss of one whose friendship and influence have been so much to us. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to her family and friends in their sorrow,

feeling that there is consolation for them, as for us, in the abiding memory of her beautiful life and character.

Resolved, a copy of these resolutions be sent to her family and to the Wellesley PRELUDE

Wellesley, February 17, 1892.

A RESTFUL NIGHT.

A SOPHOMORE EXPERIENCE.

Are you ever so sleepy that you have great difficulty to keep your eyes open? and yet, when you set yourself for a long night's rest, do you find it impossible to keep your eyes closed? When sleep does visit your eyelids, it is only that you may not see the landmarks on the way to dreamland. "Listen to my tale of woe."

The day had been one of my hardest, and, tired out in mind and body, I was glad when the ten o'clock bell rang, ordering the inmates of College Hall to "promptly extinguish their lights, retire, and preserve quiet." With a sigh of satisfaction I stretched my weary body on my downy couch.

Gradually quietness pervaded the building. The stars peeped in at the window, and the Waban waters kissed the shore lovingly as a light breeze moved through the trees' bare branches. All was so still! But sleepiness was driven away by her enemy sleeplessness.

A mouse came out of his hole, rustled among papers, scratched his way up behind that artistic piece of furniture, the wardrobe, fell down with a little squeak, and then commenced to gnaw at a box in which was fresh fruit. This was too much, and a shoe was thrown at the gnawing animal. Silence! A clock began to strike. I counted, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven. This was certainly pleasant. How much longer was I to keep guard over the fresh fruit? The stars stared in at the window in open-eyed curiosity, and the water swish-swashed down by the boat docks.

I wanted to waken my room-mate that she might gaze at the spangled heavens; but unfortunately I had studied ethics in my Freshman year, and on account of "My duty to my neighbor," my room-mate slept on.

I went through the Mandarin motion, relaxed, let each part of me become all dead, a sand-bag, and then imagined my whole self a sand-bag. All to no purpose! A clock in the distance interrupted me by pealing forth twelve strokes.

I thought of everything, I thought of nothing, I repeated German poems and phrases, I decided upon my next essay, I counted up the number of weeks before vacation, I wondered if we should have ham and eggs for breakfast. I wondered what way the wind was blowing, and if we should have any more skating this season. I wished I were home. I considered seriously whether or not it would be wise to light the lamp and try to study. I wished it were morning. The clock in South Natiek partly gratified my wish, and struck the first hour of the morning.

The moon had risen, and though somewhat obscured by the clouds, distorted and changed into grotesque and fanciful shapes all articles in the room.

I opened the window and stepped out on a platform near which a train was waiting for passengers going to New York. The cars were nearly all full, but I found an unoccupied seat, and, paying no attention to the people near me, I opened my book and commenced to read. Horrors! I found myself testing each paragraph for clearness, then force, then beauty. Worse than all, I could not keep myself from summing up and writing down the finished bit of criticism. I was not at all interested in my work, but some unseen power would not let me stop until we reached New York, and it was time to leave the car. My fingers and head ached: the noise of the

depot, the whistling of the engines, and the clanging of the bells only seemed to increase my discomfort.

It did not take me very long to reach the Jersey City depot. I inquired at what time my train left, and was told that it would be ready at a quarter past seven, and that the man whose domestic work it was to ring the bells would at that time strike the large bell over in the centre six times. I looked at my watch, and, finding that I had about ten minutes, I sat down in a quiet corner to wait until the bell should ring.

It seemed only a moment, when, one, two, three, four, five, six, and the people were crowding to the train. I started, looked at my watch. It was quarter past seven, and—that was the breakfast bell!

E. G. S. '92

BERTIE'S VALENTINES.

"This is the day when folks send valentines!"

The remark was made in a low and confidential whisper, and was intended to go no further than Shep's attentive ears; for Bertie knew by experience, that nurse objected to conversation early in the morning.

Shep responded with a long drawn sigh, an intimation that he would bark if he dared, and a silence ensued, during which Bertie's small brain was busy with delightful plans.

"I'll send one to Mildred, and I think I'll send two to Dollie. I *think* I like her worth two, and if nurse doesn't hurt me when she curls my hair, I'll send her a little one. Shep" —very softly— "Shep, do you want a valentine?"

But Shep was asleep. Berty looked at him with some disgust. It was hard to lie there, awake from curly crown to wriggling pink toes, brimming over with important questions about the obtaining and sending of valentines, and not even a dog to keep him company.

"The postman comes so early," thought our four-year-old gallant, restlessly. "What ever shall I do if it isn't time to wake up soon?"

Over on the other side of the room nurse slept heavily, down stairs there was a death-like quiet. Suddenly the door-bell gave an angry peal. "Isn't that the postman's ring? O, it certainly is. Shep, be quiet, I'm goin' down to send some valentines?"

Closely followed by his faithful attendant, sliding softly from stair to stair, and keeping a wary out-look for interrupting servants, he reached the door. Alas; too late. Even before his fingers attacked key and ball, he hears the departing foot-steps of that presiding genius of St. Valentine's day, the postman.

"It's just too bad," murmured Bertie, and Shep licked his bonnie face and gave a low whine of sympathy.

"S'pose, Shep, he's left me any valentines to send? Nurse says he always has 'em."

Shep thought it probable, and in an instant the contents of the letter box lay on the lowest step, and Bertie, with a most judicious eye selected and condemned.

"They look like every day letters, Shep, but James said sometimes valentines was letters: 'billy ducks,' he said they was on Valentine's day. But nurse said they gen'rally had pictures, hearts and coops and things. I might make pictures on this side that isn't written on. I know hearts from the cards and clubs, clubs is pretty. Nurse says coops have little bows an' arrows and wings, but that's awful hard to draw. I'll tie 'em up in white paper, and put lots of pink strings on them and sister'll help me to send them."

At this point in his monologue, the rising bell gave a warning tinkle, and the small conspirator hastily gathered up three letters, and slipping the others into the box beat a hasty retreat. Having secreted his booty, "until they're all done up nice," he crept into bed.

and, when nurse awoke, lifted an angelic face to her kiss, "because I've been a good boy and not waked you, nursie, dear."

When the mail was distributed at breakfast, a little frown of dismay appeared on Dorothy's sweet face. "Haven't I anything else, James?" she asked severely.

James looked deprecating and answered in the negative, and then retired to meditate upon his own disappointment, for he had fully expected a "billy duck" from "Mrs. Mosher," as he respectfully called Bertie's "Nurse."

"Isn't she a regular sham!" he mused wrathfully. "I don't s'pose she could waste any time or paper on me. I'll show her how to be cool and stand off. I will—" and he meditated a cutting speech to be delivered on the first opportunity.

Meanwhile Bertie ate his breakfast with a serene countenance, and a joyful heart: and as soon as he was excused, hurried away to his very own corner in the nursery, where he amused himself all the morning, much to Mrs. Mosher's relief, she, poor woman, being much troubled and perplexed between James' gushing epistle and his "botly" conduct. She was "that up-set," to use her own expression, that when Bertie asked her in dulcet tones if she "didn't *love* Valentine's day," she told him to be quiet, and added snappishly, that she thought that it was a "device of satan, that she did."

"A device of Satan, a device of Satan," sang Bertie. "Shep! Stop! You're lying on my valentines. Now I'm going to ask Dorothy to send them."

Sister Dorothy was dressing for a lunch party, when her brother entered with his queer looking packages.

"Sister Dorothy," there he stopped, "what do you look that way for? you've been crying!"

"No, no, dear. What can I do for you?"

"These are valentines, and I want to send one to Mildred, and two to Dolly. I won't give nurse any because she's so cross, besides I did not take more than three." If this last remark was somewhat strange, Dorothy did not notice it. Hastily ringing for the maid, and giving directions for the sending of the valentines, two addresses in the city, she sent her too observant brother from the room. "I am very tired, dear, and I must sit and talk to people all day long; so run away now, and tomorrow I'll play with you all the morning."

"An' tell me about the bears?"

"Yes."

"And all about the nice pussy that has blue eyes and nice brown hair, an' a little sear on his forehead, just like Mr. Everard?"

Poor Dorothy! Do even the children know of her infatuation for this recreant lover, who does not think to send her even a wee note on this "day for sweet-hearting!"

"After all he said about the quaint old custom, too," she thought angrily. The pussy didn't look like Mr. Everard. He had black hair and black eyes. "Now go away!" and she shut out the little marplot, who went away meditating upon the changeableness of fairy princes. "I'll tell Mr. Everard he doesn't look like him any more. He'll be certainly interested."

The afternoon passed very quickly for Bertie, very slowly for nurse, and lagged with leaden feet for poor Dorothy.

On the way to her friends she met Mr. Everard, and returned his eager greeting with a coolly friendly bow. "How strange he looked!" she thought, as he hurried on. "If he cared anything about me, at all, I should say I had both hurt and offended him."

But a lunch party is not the sort of a gathering in which one wears her heart on her sleeve, so Miss Marshall pocketed her perplexity and sadness, and pretended to eat and make trite little remarks in the right place, and altogether did just as a well-conducted person should do. After the luncheon there was a musical. Now

this entertainment, Dorothy, for reasons best known to herself, had anticipated a number of days. But when the first and second numbers were over, and no one appeared to claim the chair which she so cleverly concealed under her extra wrap, she found that the room was warm, and the music was very poor, and—"I think I have a headache," said poor Dorothy.

She reached home just in time to dress for dinner, and as she left her room she met her mother who handed her a letter. "It has just been sent back from Mrs. Durant's, and two others have come from the Ford's. It is some trick of Bertie's. However he managed to get the letters this morning!—but there is the bell, dear—hurry down."

"Not too fast, Dorothy, make haste slowly," as wise old Bacon hath it. Break the seal tenderly and take just one quick look at the beginning and the end of this, your valentine, for—"You are late, Dorothy," says her father, "Had you forgotten that Mr. Everard was to dine with us to-night?"

When Bertie came in to dessert he greeted Mr. Everard with effusion. "I sent some valentines to-day, Mr. Everard, but they were sent back," and appealed to his protection, when the sins of the morning were brought to light.

"I did not know they were mamma's and nurse's and Dorothy's letters, and I *wanted* to send valentines. Did you send any valentines?"

"Yes, one," was the grave answer.

"And was it sent back to you?"

"No, not yet," said Mr. Everard with a furtive glance at the shy face opposite him.

"O, Mr. Everard, did you know the fairy prince doesn't—"

"Bertie!" said his sister hastily, as they rose from the table, "Don't you want me to tell you a new story to-night?"

"O, yes! and Mr. Everard too. Don't you want to hear a new story Mr. Everard?"

But Mr. Everard said softly, "I'd rather have an old one, Bertie, one as old as St. Valentine's day."

A PSYCHOLOGY PROBLEM.

I said I would, but I didn't.
I don't know why.
And how should I?
I said I would, but I didn't!

I said I would, but I didn't.
It may have been heredity.
It may have been—but don't vex me.
I said I would, but I didn't!

I said I would, but I didn't.
Now, after all, its simple quite.
My nervous system can't be right.
I said I would, but I couldn't!

COLLEGE NOTES.

WEEKLY BULLETIN.

Saturday evening, Feb. 27.—Lecture on Ancient Rome, by Prof. Lord.

Sunday, Feb. 28. Preaching by Rev. W. H. Moreland, of Nashua, N. H.

Monday, Feb. 29. Lecture by Mrs. Mary H. Livermore.

The usual services were held last Sunday at a quarter past three instead of eleven o'clock. The sermon was preached by Rev. Philip Moxom of Boston. The text is found in Philippians I. 10. "That ye may approve things that are excellent." Dr. Moxom showed what true culture, which we are all aiming to attain, is. It seems well to repeat his definition:—"Culture is the capacity to see, and the disposition to approve all things that are excellent." It was shown that true culture comprises intellectuality, morality, and a religion in which the power of God and of Jesus Christ is recognized.

Miss Anne Bosworth, '90, and Miss Bertha Palmer, '91, spent Sunday at the College.

On Wednesday evening, February 10, Miss Cooley gave a talk in the Botanical lecture-room, on her visit to Alaska, illustrating with stereopticon views. It was of special interest to the students of the Botany department, but a number of other guests were present, and all spent a most pleasant hour.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 11, Miss Chester, Vassar '88, spoke in the Chapel on the work among the poor whites in North Carolina. She told of the training-school in Ashville, and made an earnest appeal for the establishment of a college settlement among the mountains of that state. Mrs. Stewart followed Miss Chester's talk, with an account of the Needle Work Guild of which she is the originator.

Last Saturday evening, those of us, who are from Southern regions, fully appreciated one of the great privileges of the North. From about seven o'clock to half-past eight there was a most beautiful aurora borealis. The north, north-east and north-west were radiant with bands of crimson light, across which there were occasional flashes of white light. It was pronounced by those who have seen many such displays, one of unusual brilliance.

Last Saturday evening the Juniors entertained the Freshmen and the First Year Specials, in the Gymnasium. In honor of St. Valentine, the Queen of Hearts held court in the midst of her loyal lords and ladies, and from her high throne graciously received each guest. After the newcomers had been presented with due formality to Her Most Gracious Majesty, and welcomed heartily by the peers of her realm, a herald proclaimed that a play never before given was to be enacted for the entertainment of the Queen and her guests, and commanded all to be seated. The curtain rose on the flowers asleep in Alma Mater's garden, but they were soon aroused by the Spirit of the Institution, their Gardener, and by the merry voices of Silver Bells, who sang in turn the praises of Clover Blossom, Pansy, Nasturtium and Carnation. But the song not only woke the flowers, it brought to the gate a Seedling pleading for admittance. She put forth many claims, and by her ready answers to the lengthy catechism of the Gardener and undaunted replies to the gloomy prophecies of Cockle Shells, was admitted. Once in, she was received with laughing condescension by Nasturtium, whom she did not seem to notice, while she turned from the cold scorn of Clover Blossom with astonishment to be comforted by Pansy, who helped her choose her own flower from the bewildering variety of Sweet Peas, Buttercups, Lillies of the Valley and many others that were brought before her, and promised her Hearts-ease for all time. The play ended with a dance by the flowers and some of Mistress Mary's courtiers. The dancing then became general, ice cream and cake were served and the evening closed with hearty cheers for '95 and '93, showing that both Freshman and Juniors had enjoyed the entertainment and voted it a grand success. The dramatis personæ was as follows:—

Clover Blossom. Miss Lucas
Seedling. Miss Newman
Carnations, (Everlasting Variety) Miss Howe
Nasturtium. Miss Young
Pansy. Miss Dillingham
The Gardener, "The Spirit of the Institution." Miss Wilcox
Cockle Shells, "The Troubles of College Life." Miss Pinkham, Miss Ethel Jones
Silver Bells, "The Joys of College Life." Miss Tone, Miss Grenell
Other Flowers.

Miss Alice Corthell, formerly of '94, returned to College a short time ago to join '95, and complete her course, but has had to go home again on account of trouble with her eyes.

The concert given by the students of the School of Music Monday evening, February 15th, was especially enjoyable: the program was varied by a violin trio, and more than the customary number of vocal pieces. The instrumental part was extremely good; those deserving special mention being Miss Lum for her brilliant and artistic rendering of Chopin's "Ballade in A flat major," and Miss Holbrook, for her fine execution of Chopin's "Variations Brilliantes." The vocal music was exceptionally fine. The program was as follows:

Beethoven. Sonata in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2.
MISS ADELAIDE SMITH.

Schubert. Song, "The Linden Tree."
MISS MARION WILCOX.

Chopin. Polonaise. Op. 71, No. 2.
MISS JOSEPHINE THROCKMORTON.

O'Leary. Song, "He Roamed in the Forest."
MISS C. E. TORREY.

Raff. La Fileuse.
MISS GRACE BLODGETT.

Handel. Aria. "Furibondo Spiri Il Vento." (Arr. by Franz.)
MISS GRACE GRENELL.

Chopin. Ballade in A flat major. Op. 47.
MISS SUSIE M. LUM.

Nevin, Werner } Songs { a. At Twilight. b. Love Go Hang. (Arr. from an old English Air.)
MISS HELEN FOSS.

Saran. Scherzo from Fantasie. Op. 5.
MISS MABEL KELLER.

Eichberg. Serenade, for three violins with piano.
MISSES PENNIMAN, STEWART AND VAIL.

Chopin. Two Etudes from Op. 25. Nos. 1. 2.
MRS. NELSON FREEMAN.

Mulder. Stocatto Polka for Voice.
MISS M. A. FOSTER.

Mendelssohn. Prelude and Fugue. Op. 35. No. 2.
MISS LAURA WARD.

Arditc. Waltz-Song. "L'Incontro."
MISS E. L. SHELDON.

Chopin. Variations Brilliantes. Op. 12.
MISS AGNES S. HOLBROOK.

Miss Harriet Harwood, '92, has left College, temporarily on account of ill health.

It is rumored that the Club of '96 has had a meeting and has elected a committee, but we see no traces of deep anxiety on their countenances.

Miss Florence Tobey, '94, has been home a short time on account of ill health.

Miss Dodge, '88, was the guest of Miss Cooley at Stone Hall last Sunday.

Thursday evening, accompanied by a decrepit tin horn and a few Freeman girls a challenge was sent to Wood to fight a snow battle on the "Freeman Campus." The challenge was accepted by the Woodites with a great deal of enthusiasm, mingled with many doubts as to where the "Freeman Campus" was. It was later discovered that it coincided with the College Campus. The young ladies of Freeman, well equipped in gymnasium suits, and waving a crimson banner, marched down and took possession of their fort. A crowd had gathered on the bank and all was ready for the onset. Then appeared the company of "Lignum" marching down the hill, two by two, headed by a tin horn. They drew up in front of the fort in battle array, and the fight began. The Freemanites carried a red shawl on a pole as a banner, and the "Ladies of Wood" carried a pine tree as an appropriate emblem. The rain of balls was fast and furious, those on the offensive carrying their ammunition in tin pails and buckets. The fort, which was weak, to say the least, hardly withstood the onslaught of Wood, and many a girl sat down in the snow because the barricade was no protection. Freeman planted her colors on the enemy's line of battle, holding them there for over five minutes, and thus by agreement won the day. But Wood's banner, being too frail to last through such a skirmish, was strewn far and wide. In revenge Wood determined that Freeman's banner should share the same fate, and settling upon the standard bearer, they tore it from her grasp.

and the consequence was a great many rags. Then the combatants marched away to their respective homes, much crumpled and worn: but the Freemanites wore a glad smile, proud of their hard-won victory.

EXCHANGES.

The Brunonian announces that resolutions have been recently passed by the Faculty of Brown University making attendance at recitations for the remainder of the year voluntary for seniors. The lectures previously imposed as duties are now offered as privileges, and the standing of students is determined by special written exercises and by examinations. The movement is an experiment looking toward the abolishment of the system of cuts and the objectionable features of the marking system. A senior offers this:

By recent resolutions
The Faculty has passed,
In daily recitations
I'm free from marks at last.

So all that time was wasted
I spent the other night
In making out a table
Of days that I recite.

The Amherst Student publishes a communication from one of its alumni on *Compulsory Church*, which "cheerfully admits that the college man in his younger days is quite largely a fool, but for those moments of sanity which occasionally do beset him, would humbly ask, at least, some recognition."

The *Harvard Advocate* publishes the best poem of the week.

THE QUEST.

The stars are jewels and the Lady Moon
Doth wish to wear them as a diadem,
Or bound into a fillet for her veil:
But as she stoops to pluck them, in the light
Of her own presence they grow dim and fade
Till she can find not one in all the sky,
And sadly she walks onward through her courts.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

The Southern Collegian gives us a long discussion of *The College Muse*, and quotes some of the best poetry published by college students the last few years. The *Silhouettes* are all good, especially the sketch of the convict, appearing under the lines:

"Woodpecker, woodpecker,
What makes your head so red?"
"Working in the hot sunshine,
Wid nuthin' on my head."

Among the editorials the need of an Annual for Washington and Lee University is set forth. We clip the following:

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

As the beggars that await
With their pitiful demands,
We have passed them at the gate,
Heeding not their outstretched hands.

And as gloomy crows that call
Hovering in the autumn air,
Round the poplars bare and tall,
They surround us everywhere.

At the windows of the Past,
Dim and shadowy, wan and white,
Like to figures vague and vast,
They are beckoning through the night.

In the busy places thronged,
In the office, on the street,
Like old friends whom we have wronged,
With them face to face we meet.

And their eyes grow dim and fill
With a gentle sad reproach,
And they, though they love us still,
Turn away when we approach.

They are pacing, sad and slow,
Up and down our empty halls;
They flitting to and fro,
Shadowed on our chamber walls.

And like pictured faces, they
Waken longings for the dead,
But none can recall a day
Or a word when it is said.

The Blue and White publishes a *Statement of the Committee on Site*, giving a description of the twenty acres on the Hudson River now

under consideration, and saying that a large amount of money must be raised before the removal of Columbia College can be accomplished.

Two new exchanges, *The Free Lance* of Pennsylvania State College, and *The S. M. I. Quill*, of the State University of Iowa, appear on our table for the first time this week. The latter offers the following:

TO A TURKEY.

Thou poor, defenseless, gobbling bird,
Whose mission 'tis to fill the gobbling herd
In all the turmoil of the world's unrest,
Why is it thou keep'st abreast?
Why not dispense with pinions that but bring
The moment nearer when thy soul takes wing?
Poor bird! When others who are known to fame
Depart this life and leave us but their name.
The solemn splendor of the clinging pall
And somber pageant, overshadows all:
But thou the servant of a world of pride,
Thy funeral dressing shall be found inside.

THE PRELUDE cannot let the following pass unchallenged, although it has contradicted the statement in previous issues.

Wellesley College has an endowment of $2,500,000: Bryn Mawr of $1,000,000: Vassar of $1,200,000, and Smith of $400,000.—*Madisonensis.*

TWO QUESTIONS.

"What is the heart?" asked my heart of me:
And long did the puzzle lay
Enwrapped in the darkness of mystery,
'Till love brought the answer one day.

"What is the soul?" asked my soul of me:
And still is the riddle unread,
'Till what time from its clay the spirit shall flee,
And mortals shall whisper "dead."

—*Bowdoin Orient.*

Xenephon's Hellenica, books V-VII. Based on the edition of Bichsenschutz, edited by Chas. E. Bennett, Professor of Classical Philology in Brown University (Ginn and Co.) A text-book in the College Series of Greek Authors, with an introduction reviewing the history of the period, and an appendix of textual criticism.

LITERARY ITEMS.

Italian Composition. By C. H. Grandgent, director of Modern Languages in Boston Public Schools. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, cloth, 65 cents.

A practical and easy course in the rudiments of the Italian language, containing exercises to be used in connection with the *Grammar* by the same author. Exercises in composition and letter writing are given, and rules for pronounciation, including inflection of the voice. A concise and convenient text-book, with an excellent vocabulary.

Shall Girls Propose? By a Speculative Bachelor. Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

Elizabethan Songs.
"In honor of love and beautie."
Collected and illustrated by Edward H. Farrett with an introduction by Andrew Lang. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.
"He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires"

Will delight in this exquisite volume of the choice songs of Sidney, Lyly, Lovelace, Shakespeare and the sweet singers of that merriage. Jonson's *To Celia*, Herrick's *Cherry Ripe*, Suckling's *Orasmes' Song* and the other familiar friends are there, gaining an added beauty from the soft photogravures sy sepia tints, and the engraved page decorationn This volume, one of the most recent additions to the library collection, merits the admiration both of one's artistic and one's literary nature.

A pretty volume with which to open leap year, dedicated "Not to the brave who deserve the fair, but to the fair who deserve to be brave," and containing entertainment for an idle hour. A dozen chapters on proposals, engagements, falling in love, and kindred subjects written by a gentleman who appears moderately agreeable and not too busy for pleasant trifling. The sketches are not aggressively funny, but delicately tinged with humor and irony, and will be read (in a somewhat furtive and self-apologetic way, perhaps) as long as

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

Springer Bros.,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS

OF

Ladies Outside Garments,

Carriage Wraps, Opera Cloaks,

Capes, Jackets

Newmarkets,

Fur Capes, Jackets and Circulars.

500 WASHINGTON ST.,

(Corner Bedford),

BOSTON.

A liberal discount allowed to Students and Teachers.

COWDREY'S DEVILED HAM

"A Most Delicate Preparation."

DEVILED HAM SALAD.

Mix two teaspoonfuls of Cowdrey's Deviled Ham with four tablespoonfuls of cream sauce. Sprinkle one-half of a teaspoonful of salt over three cupfuls of boiled potato cut into cubes, and add one teaspoonful of minced parsley, one teaspoonful of lemon-juice.

Stir in gently one-half of the cream dressing and pour the balance over the whole. Ga nish the top with sliced hard-boiled eggs and gherkins, and sprigs of fresh parsley.

Send Postage Stamps for "Tid Bit Receipts."

E. T. COWDREY CO., Boston, Mass.

THE BEST

COLUMBIA LADIES' SAFETY

Price, $135.00,

with Pneumatic Tires, $150.00

Send two two cent stamps for Catalogue.

Pope Manufacturing Company,

221 COLUMBUS AVENUE.

BRANCH HOUSES:

12 Warren St., New York. 291 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Factory, Hartford, Conn.